

No. 10 MAY 1

# Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES



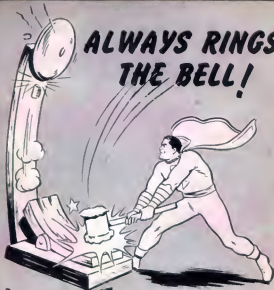
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10¢



Billy Batson speaks the word of power and it's **CAPTAIN MARVEL TO THE RESCUE!**

**ALWAYS RINGS  
THE BELL!**



**PLUS**

**SPY SMASHER  
GOLDEN ARROW  
LANCE O'CASEY  
DR. VOODOO**

**And IBIS**

**SEE THEM EVERY  
MONTH IN WHIZ  
COMICS**

**CAPTAIN MARVEL**

**FEATURED EVERY  
MONTH IN ...**

**WHIZ  
COMICS**

**GET IT AT YOUR  
NEWSSTAND NOW!**

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To help us maintain high standards of wholesome entertainment in our comic publications, we have enlisted the aid of the distinguished individuals whose names are given above.

Fawcett Publications, Inc., is happy to have the cooperation of these advisors whose names are known to every parent and child. I am sure that our readers will profit by the counsel of Mrs. Boomvilt, Admiral Eyed, Dr. Bardi and Father Tynam with this magazine.

*W. H. Fawcett, Jr.*  
MANAGER

# CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES

*Presents*

**CAPTAIN MARVEL of the CIRCUS!**  
*The India Rubber Man thought he had Capt. Marvel's number!!*  
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**CAPT. MARVEL and the RADIO RACKETEERS!**  
*A couple of thugs try to take over the live Broadcasting!!!*  
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*Also*  
**COFFINS are for CORPSES!**  
*A thrilling short story!*  
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**CAPTAIN MARVEL and the WARRIOR OF WAI!**  
*A man out of the past comes to challenge the World's Mightiest Mortal!*  
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**CAPTAIN MARVEL and the STRANGE ORDERS from WASHINGTON!**  
*Who was behind the fake conference that in Washington?*  
page . . . . . 54



May 1, 1942, Vol. 2, No. 10

CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES is published every four weeks by Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1225 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President; Elliot G. Clegg, Advertising Director; Roscoe E. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Daugh, Editorial Director; M. Edward An Director. Entered as second-class matter March 26, 1934 at the Post Office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1979, with additional entry at Greensboro, N. C. Copyright 1942 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Respecting all other rights reserved except by permission of the publisher. This magazine appears for an U. S. Post Office, Subscription rate \$1.00 per year in the United States and possessions.

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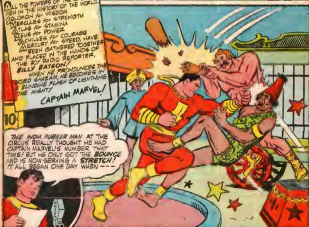
# CAPTAIN MARVEL

## At the Circus

ALL THE POWERS OF THE GREATEST MEN IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD (WISDOM - STRENGTH - COURAGE - SPEED - POWER - ENDURANCE - BRAVERY) HAVE BEEN GATHERED TOGETHER AND PLACED IN THE HANDS OF THE BOY RADIO REPORTER, BILLY BATSON!

WHEN HE PRONOUNCES THE WORD "SHAZAM," HE BECOMES IN A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING THE MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL!

THE INDIA RUBBER MAN AT THE CIRCUS REALLY THOUGHT HE HAD CAPTAIN MARVEL'S NUMBER THIS TIME! BUT HE ONLY GOT THE BOUNCE AND IS NOW SERVING A STRETCH! IT ALL BEGAN ONE DAY WHEN —



GAWKING CROWDS AT THE SWINGING BROS. CIRCUS WATCH IN WONDER THE AMAZING CONTOURINGS OF THE INDIA RUBBER MAN

AND THERE YOU HAVE IT, FOLKS! THE MOST SENSATIONAL ACT ON THE FACE OF THE GLOBE! THE HUMAN ROPE!



AWOP... AWOP! I MAHATMA SHAZAMA... MUST TIE MYSELF IN KNOTS, DAY AFTER DAY, WEEK AFTER WEEK, WHILE THESE STUPID FOLKS GAZE AT ME? I'M SICK OF IT!



OFF DUTY AT LAST THE INDIA RUBBER MAN  
DROPPS THE EXHIBIT OF THOR, THE STRONG MAN.

RAW! NOTTA WAY  
TO HAVE A LUNCH.

YOU TOO, THOR? COME,  
A HODD WITH YOU?



**THOR!**  
**WORLD!**  
**STRONGEST**  
**MAN**

CLANK

OUT TO  
LUNCH



IN PRIVACY BACKSTAGE, THEY COME UPON  
A THIRD DEJECTED FIGURE.

THE WILD MAN  
FROM BOGUSO  
WHAT'S EATIN'  
AHM P?

ME DISGUSTED!  
HE NO LIKE  
CIRCUS.

AH!  
TARCE  
OF US!



CHEER UP! OUR HOUR OF TRIUMPH IS AT HAND!  
I BROUGHT WITH ME FROM INDIA A STRANGE  
ORIENTAL POISON! THROUGH ITS AMAZING PROP-  
ERTIES, WE CAN RULE INSTEAD OF BE RULED!



A DREAD FACT IS FORMED:

ARE YOU  
WITH  
ME P?

I'VE A THING BEFORE  
I LOST MY MEDICINE, I'M  
WIT'YA, GOATWHA!

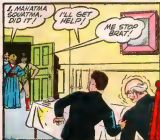
UGH!  
HE  
HELP!

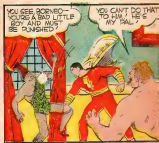
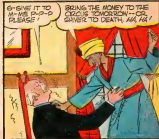


AND THAT EVENING THE FALLING SHADOWS HIDE  
THREE SKULING FIGURES THAT SLINK  
THROUGH THE CITY.

FIRST TO THE HOME OF BANKER,  
THE RICH BANKER, WE NEED  
MONEY! SOFTLY, NOW!



















FOKS-- IT SEEMS THERE'S A FREAK AT THE CIRCUS WHO THINKS HE'S PUT IT OVER ON CAPTAIN MARVEL. BUT CONFIDENTIALLY, CAPTAIN MARVEL WOULD JUST LIKE TO SEE HIM TRY ANY MORE OF HIS POISON TRICKS, AND AND



WHAT'S THE MATTER, BILLY? STOMACH ACHES? TOO MANY HOT DOGS AND DRINK LEMON-ADES AT THE CIRCUS, EH?



"WE DESIRE TO ANNOUNCE THAT 'BILLY BATSON' WILL BE UNABLE TO FINISH HIS NEWS BROADCAST-- DUE TO A SUDDEN STOMACH CRAMP!"

NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO GET SAHIB MARVEL'S BOY COMPANION, BILLY BATSON! SO HE NEEDS A DOCTOR, EH? COME ON, WE'LL DOCTOR HIM UP!



JUST LIE QUIET, BILLY. I'VE SENT FOR THE DOCTOR..... AH, THIS MUST BE THE DOCTOR NOW! COME IN!



I BELIEVE YOU HAVE A PATIENT WHO NEEDS MY ATTENTION!

WHY WHO ARE YOU?

THAT'S NO DOCTOR! IT'S MAHATMA SQUATMA AND HIS POISON!



HOLD HIM DOWN, BORNED AND THOR -- WHILE I POUR THE WONDERFUL MEDICINE DOWN HIS THROAT IT WILL CURE HIM OR EVERYTHING! SAY... AAAHHH!



AS THE POISON COURSES THROUGH BILLY'S VEINS, A VIOLENT CHILLING ONSETTERS HIM!

SHA-SHA-SHA...  
I CAN'T SAY SHAZAM!  
MY TEETH ARE CHATTERING TOO MUCH!

AND NO ANTIDOTE FOR YOU, BILLY BATSON? NO - I WANT YOU TO DIE!



HELP!!!  
POLICE!

SAHIS MORRIS! YOU WILL PLEASE CAUSE NO TROUBLE!



HA HA HA! PLEASANT DEATH, LITTLE SAHIS!

SHA-SHA-SHA... NO I STILL CAN'T SAY IT! AND GEDDAMA GETS AWAY SCOT FREE!



BUT GEDDAMA NO MORRIS FINDS SOMETHING ON THE FLOOR!

HE DROPPED SOMETHING!! WHAT'S THIS?

AN-AN-ANTIDOTE PILL!



THE ANTIDOTE QUICKLY RELEASES BILLY FROM THE TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF THE POISON!

I CAN TALK NOW...

...SHAZAM!

DO'NT WORRY, MR. MORRIS! I'M GOING AFTER SQUATNA!



READY OR NOT -- I'M COMING, SQUATNA, OLD BOY!



HMMM... I THINK THE BEST WAY IS TO MAKE SQUATNA TIP HIS HAT... I'LL MAKE MYSELF OBVIOUS... HE'LL TRY TO TRAP ME....!



RING THE BELL AND WIN A CIGAR! IF YA LOSE YA PAY! WHO WANTS TO TRY IT?

RIGHT HERE MY GOOD MAN!



WITH BARELY A TAG THE EARTH'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL SENDS THE WEIGHT UP AGAIN..... AND AGAIN..... AND AGAIN.....!



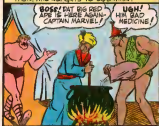
WIND UP, THAT, BOYS!



CAPTAIN MARVEL PUTS ON A SHOW—THE LIKE OF WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN!



MARVEL'S PLAN WORKS! HE IS CRIED BY THOR, WHO REPORTS TO SQUATMA.



SO IS THIS BAD MEDICINE—ENOUGH OF MY POISON TO KILL AN ARMY! I WAS GOING TO DUMP IT IN THE CITY RESERVOIR, AND THEN ENLAVE THEM ALL! BUT NOW I'LL USE IT ON MARVEL!



WOT'S DE IDEA, SQUATMA? WELL, BE OPEN THE "THREE TASKS" EXHIBIT? IT'S A PERFECT TRAP FOR SAHIB MARVEL!







CAPTAIN MARVEL FLINGS HIS OPPONENT DOWN AND THE SECRET OF ITS STRENGTH IS EXPOSED!

**A ROBOT!!**  
ALL RIGHT, WHAT'S  
TASK THREE?



THE BEST ONE OF ALL! DOWN THE DRINKING HORN IN ONE GULP, CAPTAIN MARVEL!

THAT OUGHT TO BE EASY!



WE GOT HIM!  
HE'S DRINKING  
EVERY DROP OF  
DE ROSSO!

WHAT A  
DOPE  
HA HA

HIM  
SUNK!



CAPTAIN MARVEL GULPS NIGHTLY, LITTLE SUSPECTING WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THE CURTAIN!

**CAPTAIN MARVEL IS DEAD!**  
IT WAS ENOUGH POISON TO WIPE  
OUT FIVE STATES! COME ON, NOW  
WE'RE FREE TO POISON EVERYBODY  
AND HOLD THEM UP FOR THE ARTIFACTS!

HELLO  
GENTS!  
I'M GOING  
SOMEWHERE!



BUT THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL LAUGHS AT ALL AGENCIES OF DESTRUCTION!

SEE THAT MERRY GO-ROUND  
OVER THERE, BORNED?  
TAKE A RIDE ON IT!!



LISTEN TO THE  
SINGERS!  
THEY'RE  
GROOVING





# JOIN UP TODAY!

Become a member of the **CAPTAIN-MARVEL CLUB!** And watch for messages from Captain Marvel in the club's secret code!



THIS IS THE BADGE GIVEN TO EACH MEMBER. GET YOURS NOW!

CAPTAIN MARVEL, care of **WHIZ COMICS**  
22 Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Connecticut

Dear Captain Marvel:

Please enroll me as a member of the growing **CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB**. I enclose \$4 (in coin or stamps) to cover cost of mailing. Also, I understand that I am to receive my **CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB CARD**, which contains the secret code, and the **CAPTAIN MARVEL BADGE**.

Name.....Age.....

Street Address.....

City and State.....



# Capt. MARVEL

And the  
RADIO RACKETEERS

IMAGINE WORSE THAN  
BILLY'S DELIVERING US WELL-  
KNOWN, WELL-LOVED NEWS  
BROADCASTS! IMAGINE THE  
RADIO STATION TAKEN OVER  
BY CUNNING SPIES BENT  
ON POISONING AMERICA'S  
EARS WITH SLIMY  
PROPAGANDA! AND THEN  
PICTURE CAPTAIN MARVEL  
STEPPING IN AND CRACKING  
THE WHOLE PLOT WIDE  
OPEN! ... WE DOUBT YOU  
CAN PICTURE IT FOR YOUR-  
SELVES, SO READ ON ---  
WE'VE GOT IT DOWN FOR  
YOU ON PAPER .....



HOLY MOLEY! IT'S FROM WHITEY!

FROM  
WHITEY MURPHY  
CALIFORNIA  
TO MR. B. BATSON  
ALMAGAMATE BROADCASTING BLDG.

GEE! WONDER WHAT WHITEY'S DOING IN CALIFORNIA? I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN MONTHS!

WHAT KIND OF A LETTER IS THIS? WHO'S TRAMPWELL? WHAT SPY SCARE?

BY THE WAY—A MR. TRAMPWELL IS WAITING TO SEE YOU NOW

TRAMPWELL? WHY HE'S THE ONE WHITEY MENTIONED IN HIS LETTER! SHOW HIM IN, MISS DALSHAW!

DEAR BILLY,  
MY PAL TRAMPWELL SAYS HE IS HAPPY HE'S A GOOD AMERICAN. SPY SCARE'S OVER. LEADER NOW CAUGHT MARVEL SAID HE MUST STOP AND SEE HIM.  
DON'T WORRY, I'M DOING FINE. BEING HAPPY HAS HELD ME LIKE A JOLLY OLD PRISONER HERE. I'M WITH YOUR BOSS, MORRIS. DON'T NEED HELP!

HELLO, BATSON. GLAD TO MEET YOU.

HOW DO YOU DO, MR. TRAMPWELL? WON'T YOU COME IN?

AH... I'M FROM MR. MORRIS. NO DOUBT YOU RECEIVED ANOTHER LETTER NOT SO LONG AGO. (R... HERE'S ANOTHER ONE FROM MORRIS HIMSELF.

ANOTHER ONE? OH... THANKS.

DEAR BILLY,  
 THIS INTRODUCES MR. TRAMPWELL, A VERY DEAR FRIEND OF MINE. HE IS AN EXPERT IN THE RADIO BUSINESS... AND I AM LETTING HIM TAKE CHARGE FOR THE DURATION OF MY VACATION. REMEMBER, ANYTHING THAT MR. TRAMPWELL WANTS DONE... MUST BE OBEYED! EVERY SINGLE ONE OF HIS ORDERS MUST BE CARRIED OUT.

SINCERELY,  
*Asa Boy Morris*

MY RESIGNATION! BUT, SIR-- I'VE WORKED HERE FOR TWO SOLID YEARS!



YES, MR. TRAMPWELL, WHAT ARE YOUR FIRST (GULP) ORDERS, SIR?

HMM... FIRST I MUST ASK FOR YOUR RESIGNATION, BATSON.

CAN'T HELP THAT, MY BOY. I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU PRESENT YOUR NEWS BROADCASTS... AND, AS MR. MORRIS STATES, MY ORDERS MUST BE OBEYED! GOOD DAY.

GOOD DAY, SIR (GULP)



GOSH! I'M SURE MR. MORRIS DIDN'T MEAN MR. TRAMPWELL SHOULD FIRE ME. BESIDES, WHO'S GOING TO TAKE OVER MY PROGRAMS?

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE STUDIOS.

AH, BOYS! COME RIGHT IN TO YOUR NEW PLACE OF BUSINESS!

TANKS, BOSS.

A BROADCASTING STUDIO-- BAH!

SWELL JOINT, AIN'T IT?



BOYS, Y' 'LL FIRST GET BILLY BATSON... BEFORE HE CATCHES ONTO US. THEN THE WHOLE BROADCASTING SYSTEM WILL BE MADE OVER ACCORDING TO OUR PLANS.

RIGHT, BOSS!

SQUEEZER, YOU GET THE CHOICEST JOB OF ALL... YOU WILL CARRY ON BATSON'S REPORT OF THE WORLD NEWS... JUST THE WAY I WRITE IT!

BAH! BROADCASTING! THAT'S A SISSY'S JOB, AND I AIN'T NO SISSY!



AHEM... FOLKS... DIS AIN'T BILLY BATSON, IT'S YOUR NEWER AND BETTER W.H. I.Z. REPORTER... SQUEEZER Mc-SEETER.

JUST THE SAME... YOU'LL DO AS I SAY. HERE!



IT AIN'T TRUE, ALL THIS TALK ABOUT THE WAR, SEE? THE JAPS AIN'T A BAD BUNCH O' GUYS... IT'S JUST THE WAY YOU LOOK AT 'EM...







FOOLS! BATSON SHOULDN'T BE AROUND HERE! GET HIM OUT... THROW HIM INTO THE RIVER... THROW HIM UNDER A SUBWAY TRAIN... BUT GET RID OF HIM!



THE HEARTLESS THINGS CHOOSE THE SUBWAYS... AND ENTER THE COLD SUBTERRANEAN TUNNEL.

QUICK! HERE COMES A TRAIN NOW!

WE'LL JUST LEAVE HIM ON THE TRACKS!



FASTER AND FASTER COMES THE SUBWAY TRAIN, TOWARD THE SMALL, HELPLESS BOY LYING IN ITS PATH....



SHAZAM!



I DON'T WANT TO HIT THIS TRAIN TOO HARD... MIGHT HURT SOME OF THE PEOPLE ON BOARD!

THE UNDERGROUND TUNNEL SEEMS TO QUIVER AND SHAKE AS FERCE LIGHTNING STREAKS DOWN, AND ROARING THUNDER ECHOES OVERHEAD.

JUST AS EASILY AS HE WOULD STOP A ROLLING RUBBER BALL, MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL STOPS THE SPEEDING EXPRESS TRAIN.







IT'S A LEAD PIPE CINCH THEY WON'T FEEL LIKE PICKING ON KIDS FOR A LONG TIME!

CLEAN YOUR SIDEWALK CURB YOUR DOG.



BUT BEFORE I SETTLE MY OTHER SCORE WITH MR. TRAMPWELL I THINK I'LL GO HOME AND TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THAT LETTER FROM WHITEY! SOMETHING SEEMS MIGHTY QUEER ABOUT ALL THIS.

SHAZAM!



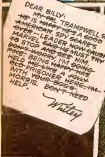
SOUNDS KIND OF PHONY ALL RIGHT— BUT STILL I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT!

SEARCHING THE FURTHEST CORNERS OF HIS MIND FOR THE SECRET TO WHITEY'S LETTER AVAILS BILLY NOTHING... UNTIL, THE HAZY FIGURE OF HIS OTHER SELF APPEARS TO HELP HIM.



LET EVERY THIRD WORD REMAIN, BILLY— AND CROSS OUT THE REST. THEN YOU WILL HAVE THE SOLUTION!

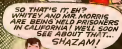
HMM... LET'S SEE. I CROSS OUT THIS ONE— AND LEAVE THIS NEXT ONE IN— AND SO FORTH— I'VE GOT IT!



DEAR BILLY,

MR. TRAMPWELL SAYS HE IS HAVING A GOOD TIME— LEADER NOW— WANT TO STOP AND SEE HIM? BEING HELD HERE— THE OLD PRISONER HERE— WITH YOUR BROTHER MORRIS. DON'T NEED HELP.

Whitey



SO THAT'S IT, EH? WHITEY AND MR. MORRIS ARE BEING HELD PRISONERS IN CALIFORNIA! WELL, SOON SEE ABOUT THAT... SHAZAM!





MR. MORRIS ALWAYS TAKES HIS CALIFORNIA VACATIONS IN HIS CABIN SOUTH OF LOS ANGELES....

I'VE BEEN THERE MANY TIMES, SO I'LL GO THERE FIRST, IF ANY HARM HAS COME TO WHITEY AND MORRIS... SOMEBODY BETTER WATCH OUT!

NO, BOSS—SOMETHING WORSE, CAPTAIN MARVEL GOT AFTER US!

YEAH... AND THAT AIN'T GOOD!

CAPTAIN MARVEL THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING... HE'S WISE TO US!

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU GUYS? WERE YOU CAUGHT IN AN AIR-RAID?

WELL, WELL, WELL! JUST GANDER AT THE FOUR "TOUGHIES"!



AT BILLY'S APARTMENT...

JUST LET SQUEEZER MCGEEZER HANDLE THIS, I'LL RUN OVER AND PUT THE PRESSURE ON BATSON.... HE DUGHTTA BE ABLE TO CALL MARVEL OFF.

HE AIN'T IN... SO I'LL JUST MAKE MYSELF AT HOME.

WELL, WELL! A LETTER, NO LESS—AND FROM ONE OF OUR LITTLE BIRDS IN THE WEST. BATSON'S NOT AS DUMB AS I THOUGHT!

KNOCK, KNOCK!



BACK IN THE STUDIO AGAIN... WHERE TRAMPWELL HURRIEDLY PUTS THROUGH A CALL OVER HIS SHORT WAVE SET.

HUNCHY! HUNCHY!  
THIS IS TRAMPWELL  
SPEAKING. CAPTAIN  
MARVEL IS WISE  
TO US! WE  
THINK HE'S ON  
HIS WAY OUT  
THERE!

THAT'S RIGHT, HUNCHY. NOW  
HERE'S WHAT YOU DO. FIRST KILL  
MORRIS AND THAT KID WHITEY-- BY  
TORTURE, OF COURSE-- AND THEN  
BLOW THE WHOLE PLACE UP BY  
DYNAMITE WHEN MARVEL GETS  
THERE. THAT SHOULD SETTLE HIM!

JUST LEAVE IT TO HUNCHY,  
BOSS. TAKE IT FROM  
SQUEEZY McGEEZER THAT  
WHEN HUNCHY KILLS ANY-  
BODY... THEY STAY KILLED!

PEEET, MR. MORRIS.  
HERE HE COMES  
AGAIN WITH THAT  
RED HOT POKER!

HIE HEE HAA, HAA,  
HO! BIG BOSS SAY  
THAT HUNCHY  
TORTURE YOU  
TWO... HA, HA, HA.

STEADY  
WHITEY--  
STE-DY.

KNOCK!  
KNOCK!

WHO'S THERE?

WELL, I'M NOT THE  
FULLER BRUSH  
MAN!



A DRAPEENING ROAR SPLITS THE AIR, THE WHOLE EARTH SEEMS TO SHAKE AND SHIVER AS THOUGH SOME BLAZING COMET HAD COLLIDED WITH IT! ONLY ONE MAN ALIVE COULD STAND THAT BLAST.....  
CAPTAIN MARVEL!

HOLD STILL FOLKS!



**BROOM!**

GREAT SCOTT!  
THE WHOLE  
HOUSE IS  
BLOWN  
APART!

HUNCHY IS NO MORE,  
WHITTY, HE'S PAID THE  
PENALTY FOR HIS  
CRIMES.

HUNCHY! WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
HIM?



AND NOW I'M TAKING YOU TWO  
BACK TO THE OFFICE, WE'VE  
STILL GOT TRAMPWELL  
TO DEAL WITH!

**YIPPEEE!**

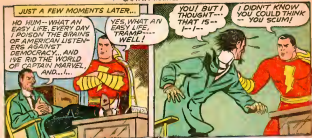
WE GET A RIDE WITH  
CAPTAIN MARVEL!



WITH A SPEED THAT NO MODERN  
PLANE COULD ATTAIN... CAPTAIN  
MARVEL WHIZZES ACROSS THE  
COUNTRY.







OH, BILLY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! THAT TERRIBLE SQUEEZER IS READY TO DO YOUR BROADCAST AGAIN!

HMM-- WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT MISS DALSHAW-- WE'LL SEE....

AHEM ... AND NOW FOR THE NIGHTLY BROADCAST. BETTER REHEARSE A BIT FIRST. I DON'T WANT TO HURT MY PUBLIC... THE SUCKERS!

HEY, TURN AROUND!

JUST TO MAKE SURE SQUEEZER MC GEEZER!

WHO SAID THAT TO SQUEEZER - MC... OOOOWCH!

WHANGO!

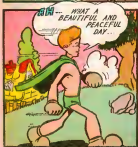
FROM NOW ON THAT SQUIRT WILL STAY IN HIS PLACE.

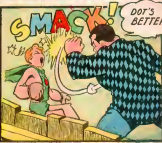
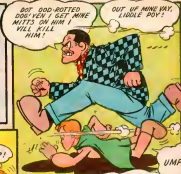
BILLY-- YOU'VE GOT TO HURRY! YOU'RE SCHEDULED TO GO ON THE AIR IN TWO SECONDS.

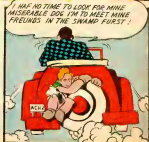
YES, FOLKS, TRAMPWELL AND HIS ASSISTANT SQUEEZER MCGEEZER, ARE THROUGH-- AS OF TONIGHT. NO, THEY WON'T BE BOTHERING YOU AGAIN FOR SOME TIME... CAPTAIN MARVEL GIVES HIS PERSONAL GUARANTEE OF THAT.

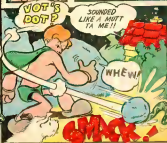
READ THE WORLD-FAMOUS ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN MARVEL AND OTHER STARS EACH MONTH IN THE POPULAR WHIZ COMICS!

**NEW!****DYNAMIC! FAST-MOVING! THE NEW-  
EST AND GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE  
EVER TO HIT THE NEWSSTANDS!  
A BRAND NEW WOW COMICS!****SEE MR. SCARLET and  
PINKY in a fast-moving  
adventure mystery!****SEE COMMANDO YANK,  
the greatest hero to  
emerge from war-torn  
Europe!****SEE the dashing  
hero PHANTOM EAGLE  
show the little yellow-  
bellies America's might!****...And don't miss  
SPOOKS! It will  
thrill you with  
chills and tickle  
you with laughs!  
SPOOKS!****YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL IN****WOW****COMICS  
ON SALE APRIL 17th  
DON'T MISS IT!**













THE SNAKE COILS UP AND STRIKES - BUT!...



WHEW!  
DUCKED JUST IN TIME!



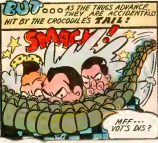
ULP!



WHAT A LUCKY KID!

YEA! LET'S GET OUR MITTS ON HIM!

HY-OO!



BUT... AS THE THUGS ADVANCE THEY ARE ACCIDENTALLY HIT BY THE CROCODILE'S TAIL!

SMACK!

MFF... VOY'S DIS?



KLOAK!

THUD!



HI-YA FOLKS!  
HERE'S SOME CROOKS FOR YOU!  
HELLO, BETTY MAE...

OH HOW CAPTAIN KID!

AND SO... CAPTAIN KID RETURNS TO SWATVILLE A GOOD ONCE MORE!  
DON'T FORGET TO SEE HIM AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S CAPTAIN KID!

# Coffins Are for Corpses

JOSEPH J. MILLARD

**T**HE RAFT bobbed gently on the soft Pacific swells. Its two occupants, "Coffin" Conover and Andy Byron, lolled lazily, soaking up the warm tropical sun. For two shipwrecked landlubbers adrift in the South Seas, they seemed strangely content.

"He haul!" Coffin yawned. "I don't care if we're never rescued. For the first time in my life, I'm getting enough sleep."

"Yeah," Andy Byron admitted grudgingly, "but I'd like to wake up for breakfast just once. Two days without a meal is too . . ."

He looks off sharply. Somewhere in the distance a high-powered rifle said: "Bang!" and a moment later something struck the raft between them, ripped a four-foot splinter and went whirling out to sea.

"Hey!" Coffin leaped to his feet, nearly upsetting the raft. "Look at that little island off there. It looks like a little bit of heaven, all green and coral and . . ."

"That little bit of heaven," Andy snapped, "is shooting at you."

"It's a girl!" Coffin reported incredulously, craning his neck. "I can see her on the beach, with two big natives. She's . . . WOW!"

The second slug plowed the top off Coffin's waterlogged shoe. The two men went overboard like frogs, coming up behind the dubious protection of the raft. Behind them bobbed a queen, black-bos that was tied to the raft by a long rope. Coffin clung to this rope.

"What's she shooting at us for?" Byron demanded. "What'd we ever do to her, I'd like to know?"

"I'll go find out," Coffin suggested. "It's an easy swim and the current's drifting us there anyhow. I'll . . ."

"Wait, you half-wit!" Byron snapped. "That murderous female will probably blow your head off. I forbid you to . . ."

He stopped talking because suddenly Coffin was gone. Only a stream of bubbles showed where he had dove. Byron swore glumly and clung to his corner until he saw his friend's lean form emerge from the water and dart into bushes on the shore. Neither the strange girl nor her native companions saw Coffin.

"He'll be killed," Byron murmured. "That idiot always gets into trouble!"

Meanwhile Coffin was creeping close to the trio on the beach. He saw that the girl was white-skinned, beautiful—and very angry. Also he saw that her companions were murderous-looking mahogany giants. As he stared, the girl lifted her rifle again, aiming at the raft that was already drifting dangerously close. Something had to be done to save Andy Byron.

Coffin looked around and suddenly saw an ungainly coconut crab lumbering past the three. A grin touched his lips. He bent forward.

"Hey!" the coconut crab suddenly said to the girl. "What's the idea of shooting at that poor man? Are you nuts?"

The girl whirled, dropping her rifle to gaze at the creature. The two natives uttered noises that sounded like squealing brakes on a model T Ford and suddenly went off down the beach like a pair of cyclones. Coffin clapped a hand to his own mouth and rolled on the ground, helpless with laughter. But his mirth was short-lived.

"Very funny" a voice sud-

denly snapped, and something round and hard jabbed his side. "Now laugh your way out of this!"

Coffin sobbed abruptly. The girl was standing over him, prodding him with the business end of the rifle, and she looked furious enough to use it without hesitation.

"Hey!" Coffin said, sitting up. "Now look, lady. Take that gun away, will you? It was just ventriloquism—a joke . . ."

"How nice," the girl said. "Then laugh at this, wise boy!"

The rifle swung. Coffin tried to dodge and missed right into a cloud of star-strewn darkness. It was the last thing he remembered for several hours.

He awoke with a headache to find himself bound tightly, lying on the dirt floor of a native hut. Byron lay beside him, looking like a mad scarecrow. The girl stood over them, glaring.

"Now look, lady," Coffin grunted. "You're making a terrible mistake, mistaking a couple of visitors like this. We've been shipwrecked and drifted for three days on that raft. Could we help it if the damn thing floated to your island?"

"Don't lie to me," snapped the girl. "You're spies for Black Barney, the pearl pirate who'd been trying to steal the cache of pearls my father hid here."

"Lady," Coffin swore fervently. "You wrong us. We never heard of Black Barney, and we never belonged to the Pearl-snatcher's union."

"Is that so? Then how does it happen that a few minutes ago you sighted Black Barney's schooner heading right this way? He's due to land any minute with his crew of cutthroats and I haven't anything but my rifle and two armed natives to stop him."

"Let us help you. Cut us loose and we'll . . ."

"You'll probably cut my throat," she snapped. "No thanks. You can stay right there."

With the words, she turned and vanished into the twilight outside. Coffin groaned and glared at Andy Byron.

"This is a mess. She'll get taken by the pirates and we can't help her."

"You don't know the half of it," Andy growled. "What do you suppose Black Barney'll do to us? I've heard he kills all witnesses so that nobody can report his deeds."

**AT THAT** moment they heard a brief rattle of gunfire, yells, and then the tramp of feet on the hard sand beach. A heavy voice growled angrily, then the girl's voice answered in sharp defiance. It was plain that the pirates had landed and Black Barney was master of the island.

"Hey," Andy whispered. "Roll over. I think I can get your ropes loose with my teeth."

A few minutes later they stood up, free of their bonds, and peered out. Down on the beach, a huge fire blazed. Around it squatted a score of the most vicious-looking natives they had ever seen. Nearby, the girl stood tied to a palm tree while a huge, black-bearded giant twisted her arm. Coffin scowled in helpless rage at the sight, but without weapons, they were helpless against the pirate crew.

"For the last time, Luana," roared Black Barney, "where are the pearls?"

The girl's face contorted with pain as pressure was applied to her twisted arm. Suddenly she sobbed.

"All right, I'll tell," she said, brokenly. "Dad buried them in the old native grave, the one marked with a cross, at the top of the hill."

In the little hut, Coffin Coo-over turned to Andy.

"In a grave," he whispered. "That's for us. Come on—we'll have to work fast!"

"We'll be killed," Andy moaned, "but I might as well help. Let's go."

They crept through the shadows, circling around the pirates to reach the place where their raft, and the mysterious black box, were beached. As they cut the box loose and moved off with it into the bushes they could hear Black Barney's gloating bellow.

"Eat hearty, mates," he roared. "There's a fortune waiting for every man of us tonight, but we'll get as soon as the moon comes up!"

Two hours later, in the light of the full moon, the parade of pirates moved up the trail to the old native grave at the top of the hill. Black Barney marched in front, dragging Luana by one arm, chuckling in anticipation of loot. Behind, his native henchmen were silent, the whites of their eyes bright with superstitious fear.

"Here it is," Barney shouted suddenly, and pointed to a mound of sandy earth, surmounted by a crude cross. "Get busy, you swabs, and start digging!"

Nervous but obedient, the pirates began to dig. Deeper and deeper they went until suddenly a shovel scraped on wood. Thrusting a torch into the hole, Black Barney roared in triumph at sight of a huge black coffin.

"Drag it up and open it!" he ordered.

"But the ghosts," whispered the pirates. "Evil spirits rest in the coffins of the dead!"

"I'll 'ghost' you!" Barney roared. "Drag it up here."

Gaping, Luana watched the big coffin being dragged up. Barney himself grabbed the heavy lid and tore it off. For a single frozen moment he stared into the coffin. Then with a howl of terror, he stumbled back.

**FOR A MAN**'s set upright in the opened coffin like a vengeful ghost. He glared around him and the pirates fell over themselves, moaning in terror. The man's lips opened.

"Who dares disturb my grave?" he thundered. "I'll stay them—every one of them! I'll cut their flesh and grind their bones to bits . . ."

With yells and howls of pure terror, the terrified pirates whirled and raced down the path to the beach. Black Barney, for all his brave words, was leading the flight when they tumbled into their boat and splashed madly back to the schooner.

Luana was left, dumped weakly on the ground, staring. The man in the coffin began to roar with laughter. He fell out of the coffin and rolled on the ground, howling. Andy Byron stepped out from behind a tree, holding his sides.

"You!" Luana cried. "How did you get loose? How could you be down in that grave—alive?"

"You wouldn't give me a chance to explain before," Coffin choked. "We worked for a little circus that was touring the islands until our boat was wrecked in a typhoon. My specialty was letting myself be buried alive in that trick coffin. When we heard you say the pearls were in a grave, Andy and I rescued my trick coffin, and came up here ahead of the pirates. He buried me and then wanted to start moaning through the rotting, in case my stunt didn't scare them away. But I guess it did. Look!"

He pointed down toward the lagoon where the lights of Black Barney's schooner could be seen heading out to sea as fast as the wind could take them.

Luana suddenly threw an arm around each man and hugged him.

"You saved me and my pearls. I'm sorry I treated you so. What can I do to make up for it?"

"Lady," Coffin said, "we haven't eaten for three days. You can fix us a ham sandwich. Just a little one will do—about as big!"

With a judicious air, he held his hands about four feet apart.

The End.

# Capt. MARVEL

AND THE  
WARRIOR  
OF WAI

WE'RE ONLY THE NEWEST  
TENANTS OF THIS OLD  
WORLD, FOLKS! WHEN  
CAPTAIN MARVEL DISCOVERED  
SOME OF THE CUSTOMERS  
THAT USED TO OCCUPY SPACE  
HERE, HE WASN'T SURPRISED  
THAT THEY GOT  
DISPOSSESSED!



HYUHI HYUHI DAT  
POOL'S SO BLACK,  
CHARCOAL'D LEAVE  
A WHITE MARK  
ON IT!

WE'VE  
FINALLY  
REACHED  
THE BLACK  
POOL OF  
WAI.

THIS OLD  
CHEST WOULD  
SEEM TO  
SUGGEST THAT  
ANCIENT PEOPLES  
LIVED HERE (BUT  
WHAT KIND?) AND  
NOW DO YOU  
OPEN THE  
THING?

I DON'T KNOW,  
BILLY! IT SEEMS  
TO BE STUCK  
FAST. ANYWAY,  
I'M MORE  
INTERESTED IN  
FLUMMING THE  
POOL OF WAI.





LOWER AWAY! SEE WHAT WE CAN BRING UP!

WISTUN BILLY DON'T OFFER ME NONE OF DEM FISH DEY CATCHES IN DAT BLACK POOL!

WHO KNOWS WHAT SCIENTIFIC TREASURE WE'LL DREDGE UP!

TREASURE HE SAYS! HE MUST FIGURE TO GET RICH!

WANT SAY WE MISTLE IN? THERE'S ONLY MEATS, THAT KID BILLY BATSON AND STEAMBOAT TO SETTLE WITH! THEN WE'D HAVE WHATEVER SHIPS IN IN THE POOL!



MY! OH MY! SHE'S GWINE TO STORM ON US!



THE RESULTS OF THIS EXPEDITION WILL BE PRICELESS!

LET HIM HAVE IT!

HELP! SHAZAM!



BOOM!

DIRTY WORK, HUH? THIS EXPEDITION'S DUE FOR A SHAKE-UP!



FROM WHERE BILLY BATSON STOOD-- CAPTAIN MARVEL SPRINGS!

I HAVE A SENSE OF MIGHTY EVENTS TO COME!



YES, MIGHTY EVENTS!



IT IS AS THOUGH I HEARD THE GENTLE APPLAUSE OF ALL THE WORLD!

AN PEACEFUL NATURE! NOW HAPPY ARE WE, SO FAR FROM VIOLENT CIVILIZATION!

OH ME, OH MY! IT'S DAT MANVEL MAN GAIN!



UHP!



SHAZAM!

WE'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

WE SCRAM!



YOUR TWO ASSISTANTS HAVE SOME PROFESSOR!

WHY SO THEY HAVE! I DIDN'T NOTICE! BUT HELP ME PULL UP THE GRAPPLES-- I HOOKED SOMETHING FROM BENEATH THE POOL'S SURFACE!



WHAT'S DAT?

IT LOOKS LIKE A--

WFS! A PTERODACTYL! ONE OF THE ANCIENT FLYING LIZARDS OF PAST AGES-- PERFECTLY PRESERVED IN THE MUD OF THIS POOL!



I DONE TOLE YOU I WON'T EAT NUFFIN' DEY FISH UP OUTEN DAT BLACK HOLE!

SUPPOSE YOU FRY US SOME HAM AND EGGS, STEAMBOAT! THAT'S A SPECIMEN, TOO VALUABLE TO EAT!

I'VE ALREADY HOOKED SOMETHING ELSE!



LOOK MY FRIENDS!  
IT'S A--

IT CAN'T  
BE!

YES IT KRN  
MASHAH BILLY!  
A REAL SHOW-BUFF...



MAN!



I'M GOING TO WASH THE  
MUD AWAY AND SEE WHAT  
SORT OF ANCIENT RACE  
THIS  
SPECIMEN  
BELONGED  
TO!

GOOD IDEA!  
I'LL DO THE  
SAME WITH  
THE PTERODACTYL.

I SAW THE  
WARRIOR  
OF WAH!  
WHO ARE  
YOU?

I DON'T  
LIKE NO  
PART OF  
OIS  
BIZNESS!



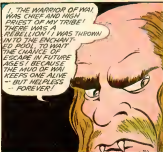
AS THE STRANGE FIGURE  
IS WASHED CLEAN, IT SITS UP!

BLESS MY SOUL!  
IT IS NOT ONLY  
PERFECTLY  
PRESERVED!  
IT LIVES--AND  
SPEAKS UNDER-  
STANDABLY!



OF COURSE I SPEAK UNDERSTAND-  
ABLY! IF YOU LIE IN THE MUD FOR  
THOUSANDS OF CENTURIES WITH  
NOTHING TO DO BUT THINK, YOU  
FIND IT EASY TO MASTER ANY  
LANGUAGE--IN AN INSTANT'S  
TIME!

BUT EXPLAIN,  
PLEASE!



I, THE WARRIOR OF WAH,  
WAS CHIEF AND HIGH  
PRIEST OF MY TRIBE!  
THERE WAS A  
REBELLION! I WAS THROWN  
IN TO THE ENCHANT-  
ED POOL, TO WAIT  
THE CHANCE OF  
ESCAPE IN FUTURE  
AGES! BECAUSE  
THE MUD OF WAH  
KEEPS ONE ALIVE  
-- BUT HELPLESS  
-- FOREVER!



BEFORE HE STARTED BILLY CAN SPEAK HIS MAGIC WORD, POWERFUL TALONS SHUT OFF HIS VOICE! THE WINGED LIZARD FROM THE PAST SOARS AWAY WITH HIM!

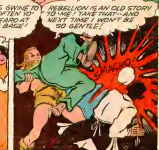


MY OLD FOLLOWERS ARE DEAD LONG AGO! I SHALL BE CHIEF AGAIN-- RULE HERE AS BEFORE -- WITH YOU AND YOUR COMRADES AS MY SLAVES! BRING ME FOOD AND DRINK!

BUT, MY DEAR MR WARRIOR! YOU CAN'T--



DO NOT TELL ME WHAT I CAN'T DO! OBEY, OR-- JERS, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO WITH THAT BRIGHT WEAPON?





WE FLASH BACK TO BILLY, HELPLESS IN THE TALONS OF THE MONSTER PTERODACTYL!



I'M SMOTHERING IN THIS GRIP! IF I COULD ONLY GET ONE MOUTHFUL OF AIR, TO SPEAK ONE WORD!



IF I CAN GET A SINGLE TOE TO RELAX, THE OTHERS WILL LOOSEN UP! THEN...



SHAZAM!



BOOM!



INSTEAD OF THE LIGHTY FORM OF BILLY BATSON, THE PTERODACTYL FINDS ITSELF BURDENED WITH THE STALWART CAPTAIN MARVEL!

YEEEEEK!

O.K. SCALY-WINGS! NOW IT'S MY TURN TO TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE!

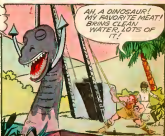


WAAAAH!

I'M INSULTED! THE THING DOESN'T LIKE MY COMPANY!



COME BACK! WE'VE GOT A LITTLE UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO SETTLE!







FAMOUS

# BLITZKRIEGS

OF THE PAST

ATTEMPTING TO EXTEND HIS GREAT MEDO-PERSIAN EMPIRE INTO EUROPE, XERXES, THE MOST POWERFUL RULER OF HIS DAY, LEAD A HORDE OF MORE THAN A MILLION MEN ACROSS THE HELLESPONT IN A TREMENDOUS DRIVE AGAINST THE GREEK STRONGHOLD AT ATHENS."

**XERXES,**  
PERSIAN VICTOR  
AT THERMOPYLAE

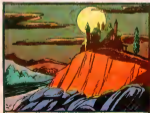
WHEN HIS STEAMROLLER ATTACK BOG-  
GLED DOWN BEFORE THE STUBBORN  
RESISTANCE OF LEONIDAS AT  
THERMOPYLAE, HE FORCED HIS WAY THROUGH  
THE MOUNTAINS AROUND THE EMBATTLED  
GREEK FORCES AND BROKE THEIR  
DEFENSE WITH A FURIOUS ONSLAUGHT  
FROM THE REAR, OPENING THE WAY  
TO ATHENS AND HIS LONG-CHERISHED  
DREAM OF A EUROPEAN EMPIRE.

# CAPT. MARVEL

and the  
STRANGE ORDERS  
from  
WASHINGTON



IT WAS A LONELY PLACE, THE HOUSE ON THE HILL--AND THE COUNTRY FOLK SAID THAT AT NIGHT THEY HEARD STRANGE NOISES, WHAT WAS IN THE HOUSE? NO ONE KNEW!! AND THERE WAS MR. BANJO! THEY SAY HE WAS THE ONE WHO SENT THE NOTE WHICH FINALLY BROUGHT CAPTAIN MARVEL, HIGHTEST OF MORTALS, INTO ACTION!



TEMPLAR MANSION, LOCATED BACK IN THE LONELY HILLS, HAS BEEN STANDING FOR CENTURIES--SOME SAY THE INDIANS BUILT IT--SOME SAY GHOSTS BUILT IT FOR A DWELLING PLACE.



BUT THE 'GHOSTS' MUST BE LIVELY TONIGHT--FOR A LANTERN SUDDENLY FLARES IN AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW.

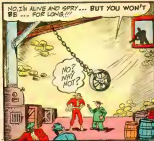




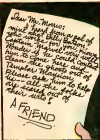
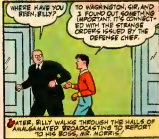












ONCE AGAIN NIGHT'S BLACK  
CLOAK OF MYSTERY DROPS  
OVER THE WORLD... AND  
TEMPLAR MANSION  
RECEIVES A VISITOR.



THE DOORS OPEN...  
AND NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT!  
I'LL JUST SNEAK  
IN QUIETLY!



SUDDENLY...

HEY!

GET  
HIM!

**BAM!**  
**SLAM!**  
**WHACK!**



FOOLS!... YOU'VE NOT  
CAUGHT CAPTAIN  
MARVEL -- BUT A  
HERE BOY!

BUT A MIGHTY  
IMPORTANT BOY  
HE IS, MATA!



LISTEN TO ME, BRAT!  
YOU'RE GOING TO TELL  
US HOW CAPTAIN MARVEL  
CAN BE CAPTURED,  
- OR ELSE!

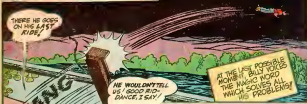
GLUB  
GLUB-!



LOOK! HERE'S WHAT  
WE DO WITH THINGS --  
AND PEOPLE -- THAT  
WE HAVE NO MORE USE  
FOR! LET THAT  
GARBAGE FLY AWAY!



WHO WILL EVER KNOW HOW MANY MYSTERIOUS "THINGS" THE SPIES HAVE DISPOSED OF IN THIS INGENUOUS MANNER? ONLY THE DARK WATERS BELOW COULD TELL!









THEY'RE NOT OUT HERE, THEREFORE THEY MUST BE IN THE HOUSE! I'LL FOLLOW!

AS EASILY AS AN ORDINARY MORTAL MIGHT OPEN A BOX OF CRACKERS, CAPTAIN MARVEL TEARS A HOLE THROUGH THE MASSIVE WALL.



HERE AFTER US!

QUICK! TO THE BOAT!



WAIT FOR ME! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE!

YOU'RE THROUGH, MR. BANG! THE CAUSE NO LONGER NEEDS YOU!



DON'T HIT ME—I'LL TALK, I'LL TELL EVERYTHING!

HELP!

TOO LATE, BANG! I'LL JUST GO GET YOU AND GO AFTER THAT GIRL!



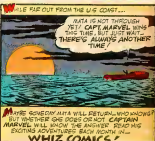
WHO'S THIS?

HELP, FRIEND! BLUD!



YOU SUR? HERE?

CAPTAIN MARVEL, HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU ENOUGH?



**ACTION** *in* **MASTER**  
*is* **BETTER** *and* **FASTER!**



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